

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Naming the Column An Awful Task

Difficulties Attended Upon Giving a Name To This Column Are Almost Unbelievable, But Shut Your Eyes, Draw a Long Breath and Try—Monday the Day Decided Upon As Final.

THE hesitation in the naming of this column has not been due either to lack of material or desire. It is due rather to a lack of ability to please a large number of people. It may be well to state now as later that none of the names suggested suit the family.

We are very grateful for the numerous suggestions that have come in, even to the asthmatic suggestion that it be christened "The Evening Wheeze." We even succeeded in attracting the attention of an enemy who sent in excellent contributions. His modesty, however, was great, and he insisted the column be called the EYESORE.

No, We're Not Modest.

In some ways, the naming of this column could be likened to the naming of a State. Almost any name would do, and everything under the sun has been suggested. Now it is here where the similarity comes in. Like a State, this column has various internal, individual characteristics which automatically eliminate certain names. These names always sound well from a distance. However, upon close examination it may be seen that they are de trop.

Isn't It a Shame?

To confess the real truth, this column cannot have a single head which will go at the top of it every day. The style of head which we use today is the only thing which will be allowed. The single name head must be worked in in some other way.

So, We're on Our Way.

By Monday we will have devised the plan. According to that plan, the form which has been ordered will be followed and yet a name will be given to the column. We don't know just how it is going to be done yet.

HELP! HELP!

RECIPES

Snowdon Pudding.

Use 1 tablespoonful of self-raising flour, 1 teaspoonful of bread-crumbs, one-quarter of a pound of suet (grated finely), 2 tablespoonfuls of jelly, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 1 egg and a little milk, 1 teaspoonful large raisins.

Butter a pudding basin, stone the raisins and grate the sides of the basin with these. Mix all the other ingredients together, and place the mixture in the basin. Cover with a greased paper and steam for one and a half to two hours. Serve with sauce.

Golden Pudding.

Use one-quarter of a pound of self-raising flour, 1 teaspoonful of bread-crumbs, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 1 egg and a little milk, 3 tablespoonfuls of golden syrup.

Butter a pudding basin and place the golden syrup in the bottom. Mix all the other ingredients together and place the mixture in the basin. Cover with greased paper and steam for two hours. Turn out and serve immediately.

Silver Cake.

Mix one cup of butter and two cups of sugar to a cream, then add the whites of four eggs well beaten and stir for twenty minutes, then add a cup of milk, two cups of sifted flour and lastly one cup of flour mixed with one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with vanilla and bake.

Sponge Cake.

Break four eggs into a mixing bowl with one cup of sugar, whip these together for about twenty minutes until they are very light, then add one tablespoon of lemon juice and a generous grating of the rind of the lemon. Sift in two cups of flour, mix very lightly and bake in a medium oven. If the batter seems a little thin when all is mixed a little more flour may be added.

Of Those Who Walk Alone.

Women there are on earth, most sweet and high,
Who lose their own, and walk bereft and lonely,
Loving that one lost heart until they die,
Loving it only.

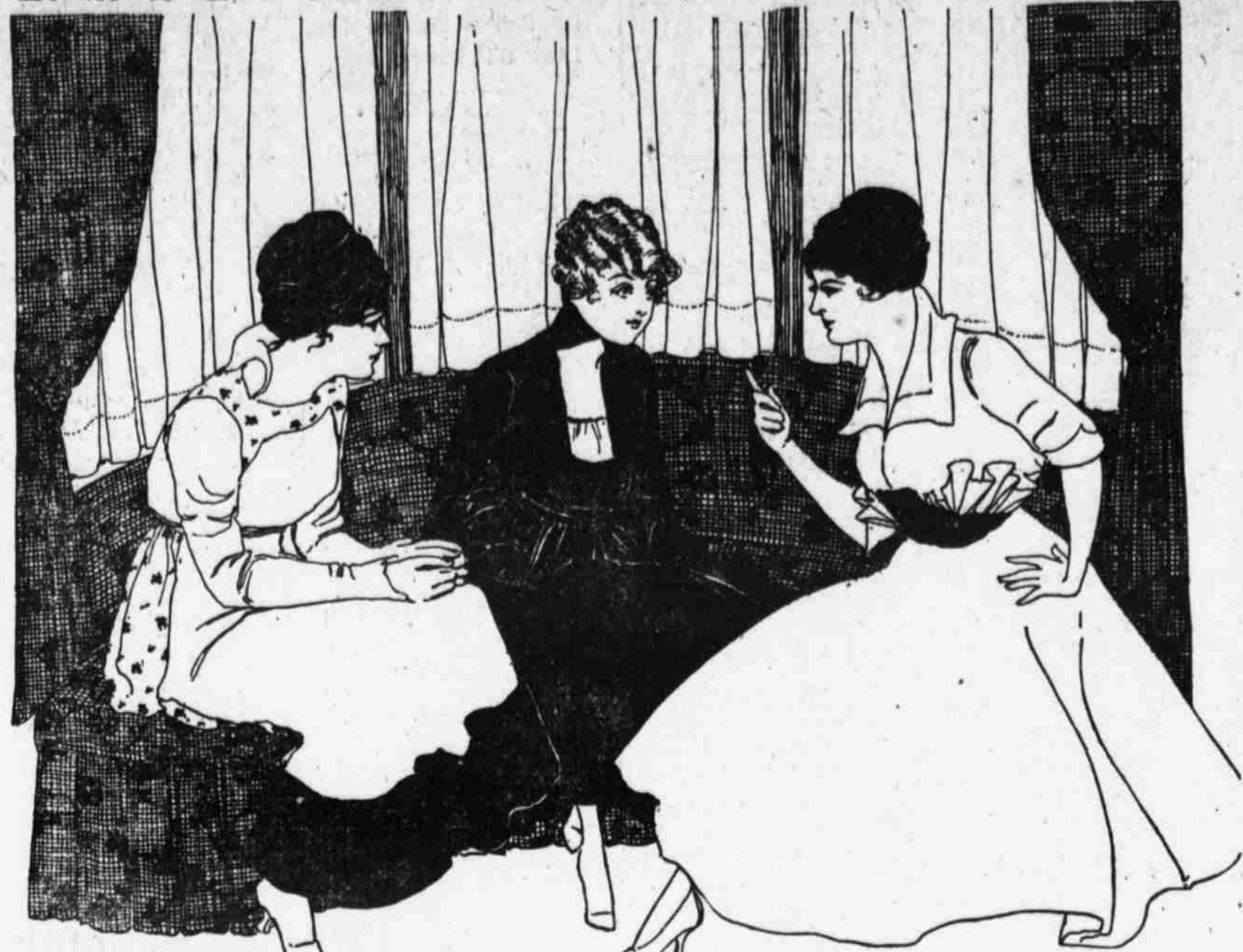
And so they never see beside them grow
Children, whose coming is like breath
Consoling by subtle loves the angels know
Through Childless hours.

Good deeds they do; they comfort and they bless
In duties others put off till the morrow;
Their look is calm, their touch is kind,
To all in sorrow.

Betimes the world smiles at them, as
"Twere shame,
This maiden guise, long after youth's
departed."

But God's Book they bear another name—
"The faithful-hearted."
Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
Such souls, in sooth, illumine with
That glimpsed, glad land wherein the
Vision saith.
Earth's wrongs are ended,
—Richard Burton.

FEMININE FOIBLES



Annette Bradshaw

PREACHING AND PRACTICING.

At the Woman's Club After Hearing the Address on "The Evils of Gossip."

What They Say About Us

Pertinent Interests of Women As Viewed By Editorial Writers of the Newspapers.

The Teachers' Union.

The efforts which are being made to organize the public school teachers into a labor union, with affiliation with the American Federation of Labor, merit the careful consideration of the citizens of New York. The primary purpose of a labor union is to obtain, by the exertions of a compact organization, rights or privileges which cannot be secured, or can be secured only with extreme difficulty, by isolated individual effort.

With the principle of the collective bargain no fair-minded person can quarrel, but the idea of collective bargaining by teachers is so new that it gives pause to the imagination. There are several angles across which the thing can be viewed.

From one point of view the admission of the teachers that they are not members of an aristocracy, but workers, and allied with the great world of labor, is something well admirable. If through membership in a labor union the teachers were led to the knowledge that there is no professional class and no working class, but just a world of workers, separated only by degrees of skill, then the union will have nobly justified itself.

But if, on the other hand, the teachers use their union as a battering ram to force legislation, or as a barrier to stop progressive changes in the educational system, it will simply increase the present turmoil and add one more element to the discontent which is undermining the schools.—New York Evening Mail.

Women on the Tennessee.

Peaceful is the mission of the good ship Tennessee, steaming out of Hampton Roads, with the American section of the Pan-American International High Commission on board. If storms come there will be reassurance in recalling Julius Caesar's heartening of a galleys commander: "Fear not, you carry Caesar." "Fear not, you carry Caesar," will mean almost as much. No foe will be encountered between her and the Rio Plata. The five-inch armor belt will remain undented. The four ten-inch guns will be undisturbed. The chances are even that not one of the sixteen six-inch guns will be fired. The four submerged torpedo tubes will be only frightened in reserve. The extra fighting top by which the Tennessee is distinguished from the other armored cruisers of her type will see no fighting. The Tennessee is as safe as the good ship Piffle from South American attack.

Yet there are troubles aboard the Tennessee. The first is the "woman hoodoo." Wives of commissioners going along. It is said to be the first time women ever sailed on a run-of-war under United States colors. The eight hundred tons on the Tennessee are a great weight. The prejudice in the navy against women passengers is historically superstitious.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

Daily Fashion Suggestion



THIS attractive frock of blue linen for the girl of eight or eleven is cut in one piece with an inverted box pleat at each side of the front. The sleeves and front of the skirt are smocked, and the back hangs full from a shallow yoke.

The yoke, chemise, and collar are embroidered in white, and the waist is girdled by a narrow belt which passes through slashes cut in the front of the frock.

(Copy, 1916, Newspaper Feature Syndicate.)

Women at Columbia.

Another step toward giving women full educational equality with men in America has been taken by Columbia University, whose trustees have just voted to admit women as students in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Despite the many excellent medical schools in this country for the training of physicians, the opening of Columbia to female students of this course must be extremely gratifying to all who regret that the pursuit of a great science should be marked by rather petty and consciousness and arbitrary divisions.

For many years to come some of the country's greatest centers of medical teaching will doubtless remain open to men only, but no one who considers the rapid dissemination of prejudice against women education that has occurred during the past generation will question the wisdom of this step.

GERMANY EMBATTLED. By Oswald Garrison Villard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.

Mr. Villard writes as one in sympathy with the German people, but not with their Kaiser. He gives a vivid picture of Germany at bay, and then presents in contrast the two Germanys, one of the military overlords, the other of culture. He declared Germany in her brief existence as a nation has contributed more positive knowledge to civilization than any other nation in the same period. But he declared that, if the Kaiser triumphs, it means a setback to every liberal democratic movement. In concluding, the author hopes America will not neglect her opportunity to set forth the value of her democratic institutions.

THE JOURNAL OF NEGRO HISTORY. Edited by Carter G. Woodson. Published quarterly at Lancaster, Pa. A year, by the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History.

The first number of this magazine contains a number of articles of interest to the colored race, the leading one being by Mr. Woodson, who resides in this city. The publication gives promise of illuminating issues in the future.

"Baby Week."

A conference of mothers, scientists and welfare workers is being held in Washington this week to deal with one of the most important problems that confront the American people—the conservation of infant life. The need for such a conference is strikingly indicated by the disclosure made by the Census Bureau that in some communities in this land of opportunity one baby out of every four dies before it reaches one year of age.

Mrs. Julia Lathrop, head of the Federal Children's Bureau, points out that this enormous slaughter of innocents is unnecessary; that it is more often the result of ignorance than of poverty and privation; that it can be greatly minimized by the training of mothers in the proper care of their offspring in the first months of their lives.

The country needs those who have been born upon its soil—who are Americans by heritage—for the solution of its problems of the future. It needs them for its defense, for the training of its youth, for the power for the material and social organization of Mexico. It needs them for the development of the Philippines. It needs them to man its industries, to provide brains for its future guidance and character for its future places. It is necessary for the country's welfare that they shall start out in life with a proper chance for the attainment of manly and womanly strength of soul and mind and body.

What has been done in other countries can be accomplished in America—to say the least. If New Zealand, with a far younger civilization than ours, has succeeded in teaching the science of motherhood to such an extent as to reduce the ratio of infant mortality to fairly negligible proportions, America can impart the same wisdom to its mothers.

The chief thing that is required for the accomplishment of this result is an earnest realization of the pending problem in all its urgency and importance—and that is what "Baby Week" is designed to bring about.—New York Evening Mail.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE NATIONAL ISSUES OF 1916. By Charles N. Fowler. Published by the author. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Fowler has presented in this work the fruits of sixteen years' experience in the House of Representatives, and he discusses from a Republican point of view what he considers are the paramount questions before the American people today. Patriotism, Lincolnism, and nationality are the themes of the first two chapters, in which a timely subject is treated with careful thought and devotion to the flag. The problems of merchant marine, national banking system, and tariff commission are considered with a comprehensive knowledge of the subjects.

ASK FOR and GET
HORLICK'S
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By Annette Bradshaw

Bow-Legs Often Result From Use of Artificial Milk at Too Early Age

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

It might seem a far cry from straight mother's milk to crooked toes and bow-legs yet the intimacy and relationship is as close as life and death.

"Bow legs and crooked toes; That's the way the Negro grows." This was the strange lullaby the negro mammy of the South used to sing a generation ago. The physiological truth in this folksong hinges on the fact that the old colored mammy played the part of wet-nurses to the white folk's "bambinos," while the little pickaninnies were forced to subsist on artificial foods and cow's milk.

The use of artificial foods, deficient in animal fat, vitamins, lime and phosphorus, produces softness of infant bones and the malady, rickets. Under-nourished children and those deprived of human breast milk, or fed exclusively upon defective breast milk, whether they are white, black, red or yellow, may have such deformities as bow-legs and the various other rickety deformities, such as pigeon-toes, squabberies, "rickety" rosaries, as knobbed ribs are called, and knock-knees.

Cause of Rickets.

The malady of rickets may assert its unwelcome presence by perspiration of the scalp and a bald spot on baby's head, where it rests upon the pillow, or it may also show as mere restlessness, gritting of teeth and other minor signs of irritability, often wrongly blamed on the eternal scapegoat, "teething." Then the alert parent and pediatrician will order animal fat, fresh cod liver oil, lime water and phosphates, or, better, breast milk from a healthy wet nurse.

These early signs of rickets, if ignored

Sometimes Self-Curing.

Usually, however, it is after the first year and by its own and unaided movements, that a baby begins to try to walk. Children rarely need to be urged to stand upon their feet. In fact, a infant should not be urged to walk, as a rule, except when it strikes to do so itself.

Bow-legs do not come from too early attempts to walk, unless the signs of rickets, scurvy or some similar nutritional defect are present.

Typically, however, many instances of bow-legs—a mild degree of which is common in thousands of families—right themselves as the food and drink of the infant becomes more varied. In the course of the child's growth, bow-legs of mild degree should readjust their contour to the normal shape. Do not, however, be too sanguine, but consult a capable medical architect. Reclaiming "bow-legs" as necessary from without as from within. Braces, massage, and other means, surgical or mechanical, are now available to eliminate this one-line abomination.

(Copy, 1916, Newspaper Feature Syndicate.)

Stories of the Opera

Puccini's "Madame Butterfly."

By ADRIEN TOURNIER.

"MADAME BUTTERFLY" is one of the most touching tragedies of opera. It is the story of broken faith set to strains of such haunting beauty that they have won a well-deserved place in the heart of every lover of music.

A picturesque Japanese villa, embowered with wisteria and cherry blossoms, overlooking the harbor of Nagasaki, has been purchased by the marriage broker, Goro, for Lieutenant Pinkerton, and has secured the lovely Cho-Cho-San for Pinkerton, assuring him that the marriage will only be binding with his wife, and that afterward she will be free to marry again.

Cho-Cho-San has fallen deeply in love with Pinkerton, and believes that she is entering into a life contract. She renounces the religion of her ancestors, and is prepared to devote herself entirely to her American husband.

Sharpless, the American consul, and friend of Pinkerton, tries to persuade the naval officer not to marry Miss Butterfly, warning him that, while he may consider it a happy adventure for him, Cho-Cho-San regards the marriage in a serious light.

Then Butterfly, attended by her girl friends, comes to her new home. They are followed by a large crowd of her relatives. All are introduced to the bridegroom-to-be. The marriage contract is read by the commissioner, and is then signed by the bride and bridegroom. In the midst of the wedding feast, Bronzo, the priestly uncle of Butterfly, enters in a towering rage and hurls curses at the bride for having renounced her religion. Her relatives immediately desert her, but she clings lovingly to Pinkerton in her sorrow. He soon calms her fears and they exchange vows of love.

Three years have elapsed. Within the little house on the hill Madame Butterfly awaits the return of her husband. He was recalled to America after a brief but happy wedded life. She has been unwavering in her faith in him, but Suzuki, her maid, doubts that he will come again.

The battleship on which Pinkerton served has been ordered to Japan. The lieutenant has written Sharpless a letter saying that he will bring an American wife with him, and asks his friend to break the news to Madame Butterfly.

The consul calls upon Butterfly

and tries to read to her the contents of the letter, but she is so overjoyed at hearing from him that she pays no heed to the sorrowful news it contains.

Goro, the marriage broker, again comes to arrange a match between her and a Japanese nobleman, but she refuses to listen to him. He insists that Pinkerton's desertion is equivalent to a divorce, but she proudly answers:

"In Japan that may be true, but I am an American."

When Sharpless tries to convince her of the truth of Goro's statement she brings from the adjoining room her faithful baby. Sharpless is greatly troubled at seeing the child.

A cannon shot is heard, and Butterfly knows that the ship is again in the harbor. Butterfly and her maid decorate the house with flowers to honor the arrival of her husband. Then, with the child, they stand at the window and watch for his coming. The night wears on—the child and Suzuki fall asleep—but Butterfly never closes her eyes.

Dawn breaks and merges into morning, but Pinkerton has failed to come. Suzuki awakens and persuades the weary, disappointed Butterfly to lie down and rest. After she goes, she upstairs the consul arrives with Pinkerton and his American wife. Then Suzuki tells him of Butterfly's trust and devotion, and he is so overcome by remorse that he cannot remain to face the deserted bride. The maid is commissioned to tell her master that Mrs. Pinkerton will care for the child. Butterfly enters while the American is talking to Suzuki. She retains her dignity and composure, and after congratulating Mrs. Pinkerton, politely tells her that if she will return in a half-hour she may have the child.

Pinkerton, Sharpless and the American wife return to find Madame Butterfly dead beside her child. Near by is her father's sword on which is inscribed: "Die with honor when you can no longer live with honor."

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